VOLUME 23 XMAS

KNAVE

£2.95

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

Festive Greetings from a couple of

UNWRAPPED CRACKERS!

THE male G-spot *Exposed!*

Caligula Director

TINTO BRASS

Tells All

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was to work in the same kitchen as myself. All summer long, the discussions in the bakery section were sexually orientated, everything said had a double meaning, but how was I to ask this very sexy lady out (I was rather shy at that sort of thing then)?

I almost forgot to tell you what she was like. Well, her hair was a soft ash blonde, cut on the short side, her legs were elegantly slim, but her breasts, well, they could hardly fit into the uniform with which she had been issued. I think that was the reason why I was so attracted to her. To make things even hotter, she always wore half cup bras, revealing her cleavage through her parted buttons.

JOKER

A man called at the house of a lovely young girl who was having a bath. He knocked at the door and the girl replied, "Who is it?"

"The blind man," called the man.

The voluptuous bather came to the door without putting any clothes on, or covering herself with a towel. She opened the door and asked the man, "How much do you want?" as she opened the door.

The man saw the girl naked and a huge grin appeared on his face and his eyes were popping out.

"You're not blind at all," she accused.

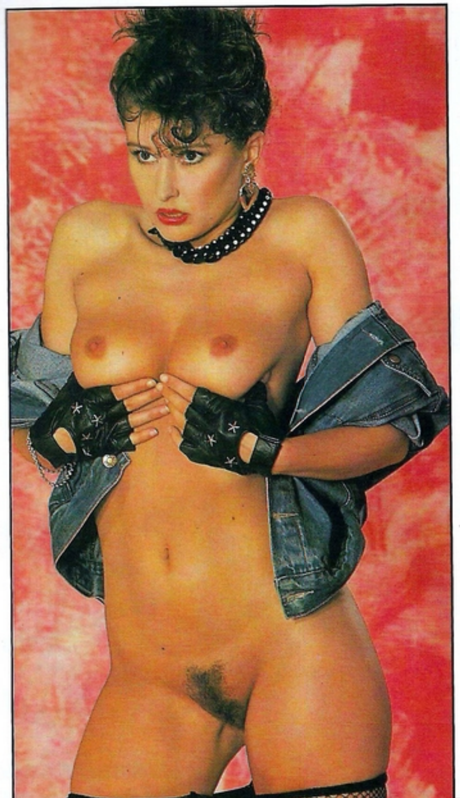
"No," replied the man, "where do you want these blinds?"

JOKER

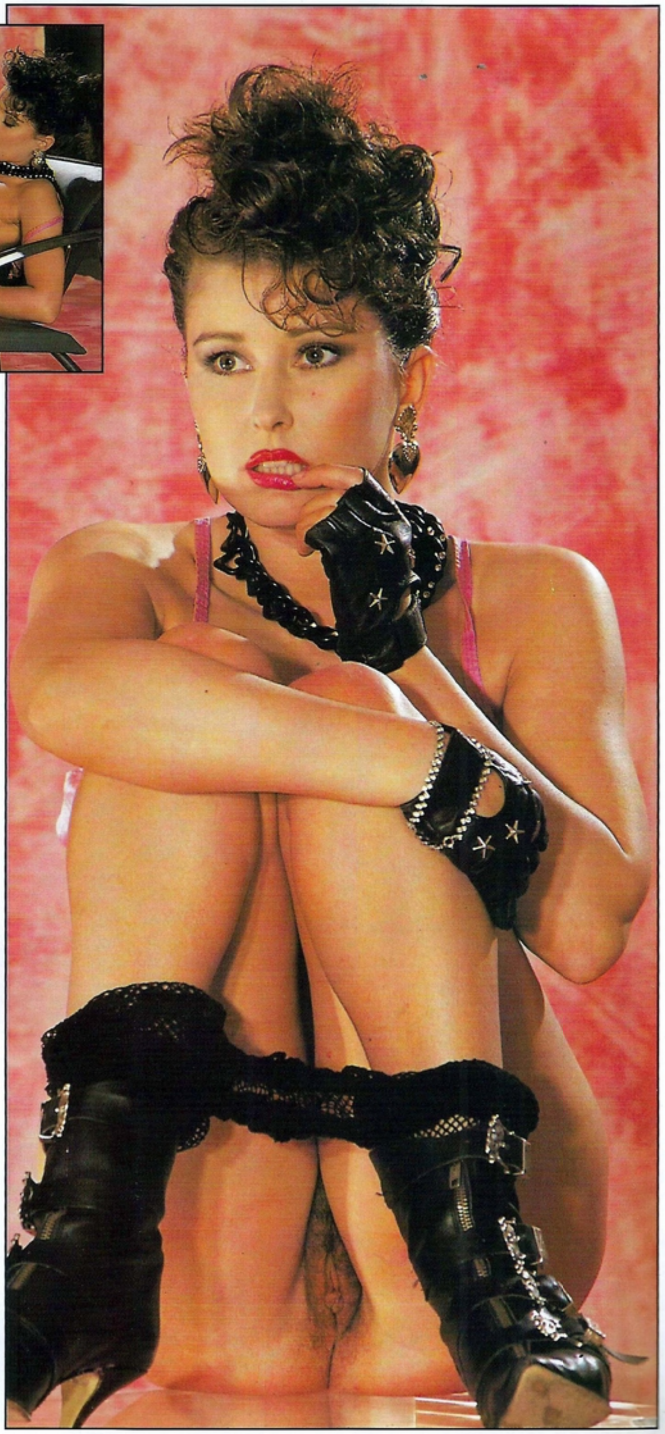
Summer went past and still I had not plucked up the courage to ask this dishy bird out.

At college, my troubles continued. I just could not get the words out. To make things worse, I had in turn been asked out, to which I had

TARA



Christmas pantomimes! I love 'em. Plenty of audience participation and, of course, puss in boots. Sounds like a hot session round my place! Tara, though, is definitely no Cinderella. You wouldn't catch her scrubbing floors. Her admirers do all the dirty work, which allows her to concentrate on having a ball. What a girl! Altogether now: "Oh yes she did...!"

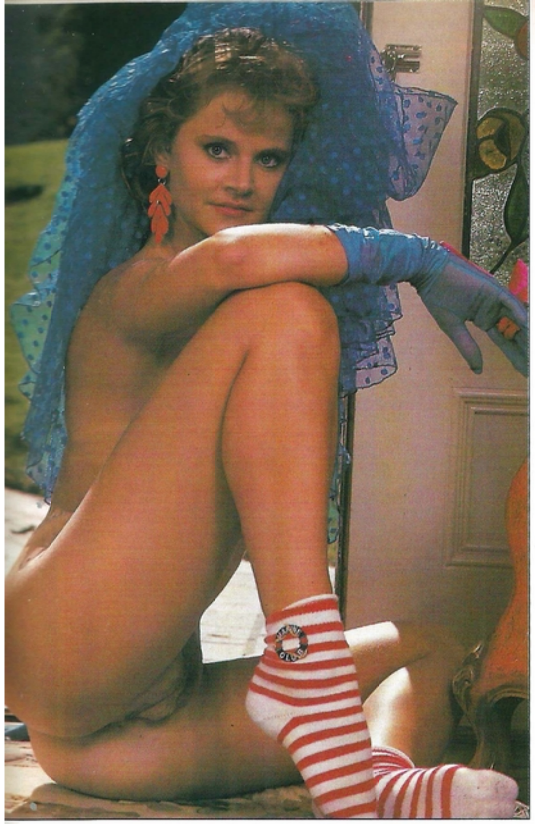


Photographed by PICTURE BUSINESS

Last time we saw Fran and her marvellous mammaries she was sitting on a train outside Clapham. Here we see her in an altogether more festive frame of mind. Fran the elf is waiting for Santa to bring the reindeer back into the barn. Or so we're meant to believe. In reality she's in the Ed In Chief's bedroom ready to roll around in his thick carpet dressed as Santa. There are some of us here who reckon that old Ross is too stingy to cough up the money for a real carpet, but he insists that he's hung like a horse and ought to be able to live like one. Hey, whatever works. At least he let Fran feed him sugar lumps..

Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

Fran



Christmas, as you all know, is based on an old pagan festival. Probably something to do with the fertility cycle, if the truth be known. Lots of nakedness, bonking, drinking. A general orgiastic affair, a thanksgiving to the Gods and Godesses for another hearty year. And Holly? Well, she's just yer Christmas bonus!

HOLLY

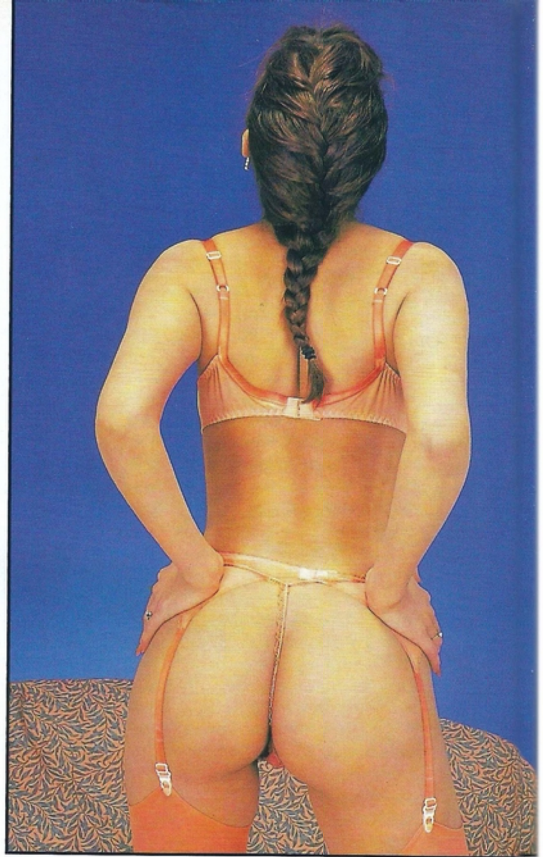
Photographed by PHOTORAMA

Chrissy

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

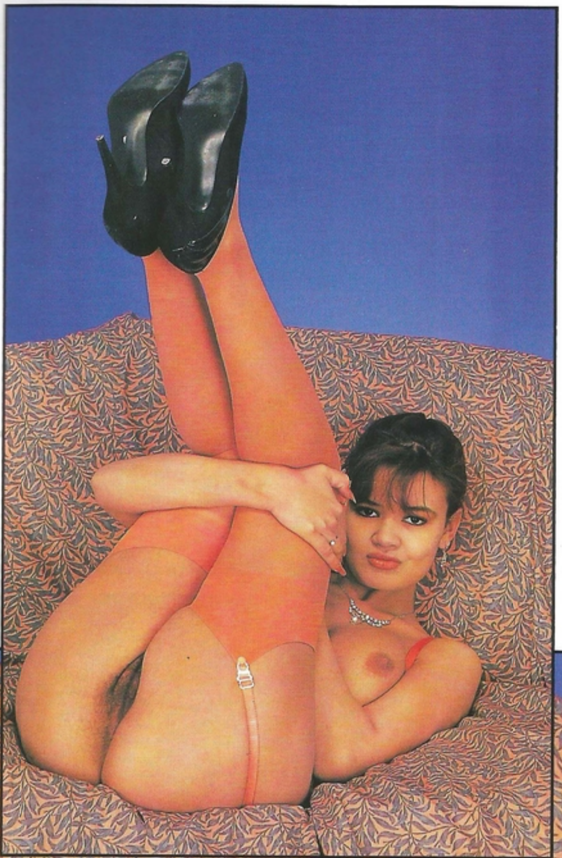
Chrissy's favourite reindeer is Bonza, an Australian cousin of Rudolph. Like his Lapland relative, Bonza suffers from a proliferation of burst blood vessels in his proboscis. Unlike Rudolph, Bonza's red nose isn't due to some cutesy attempt at currying favour with small children. Instead, it's due to his habit of quaffing unseemly amounts of Victoria Bitter and Emu, beers popular in some parts of his native land. Bonza and his tinnies can be seen flying across many parts of the Australian sky at this time of year, as he drops off Christmas coolers to the many lonely bushmen stranded in the Outback. Indeed, some have sworn blind that they've seen Bonza pulling a sled crewed by Jim Robinson and Harold Bishop from Neighbours through the night sky, as the pair sing the praises of Madge's home brew. And you were waiting for me to make some kind of joke about Chrissy-mass, or something. Shame on you...

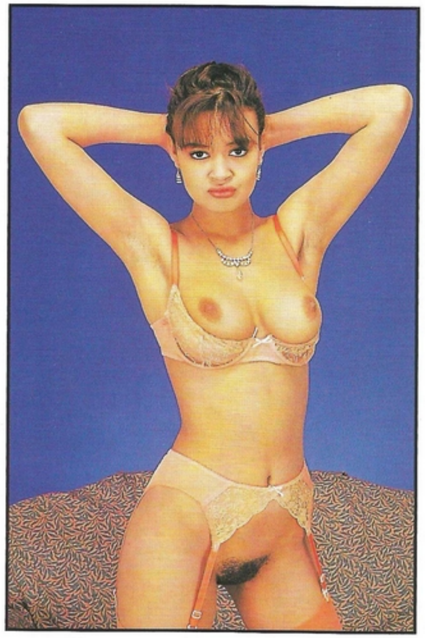
In one of her many past lives, Isobelle was a 16th Century shoe salesman, and has found life in the 20th Century hard work. Gone are the days of small mice helping her to manufacture clogs from the finest wood and of taking ye olde curling tongs to the long pointy shoes favoured by court jesters of the time. These days her multiple reincarnate personalities prove a positive winner when she has parties, since she can be the hostess as well as all the guests. Surprisingly enough, she hasn't thought of a good way to market such a talent, other than giving herself a huge phone bill by hogging chat lines all to herself and her many other personalities.



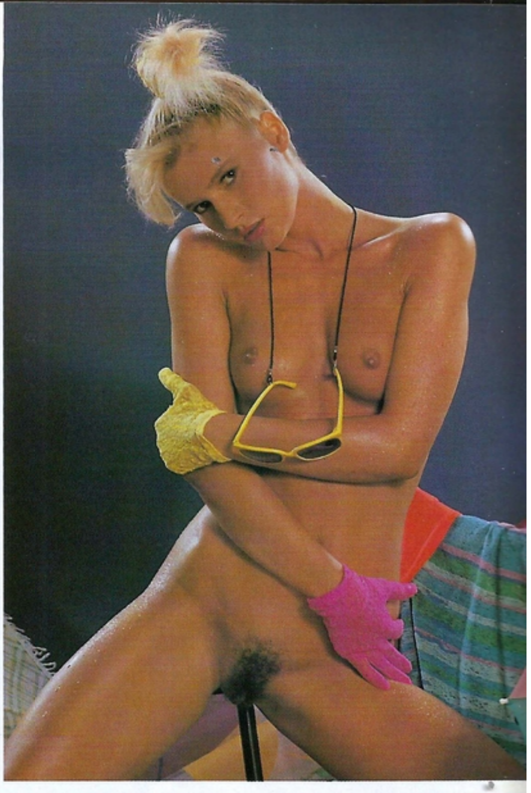
Isobelle

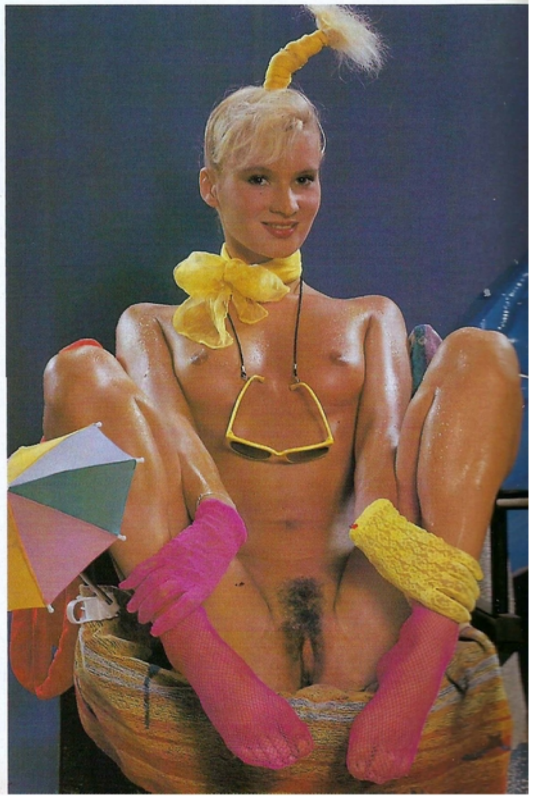
Photographed by NICK STEPHENS



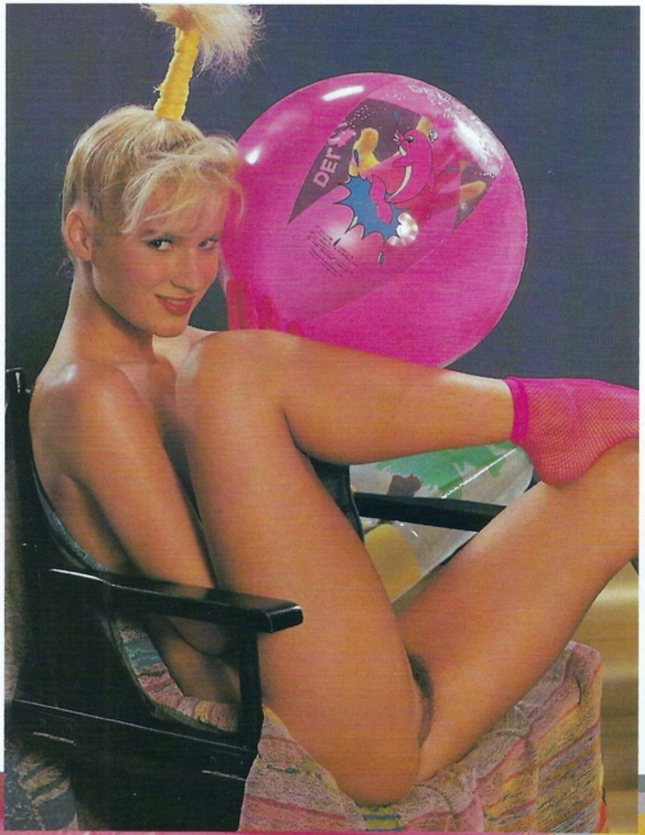


Let's face it, no-one really gives a toss about Christmas, `Specially Lulu , who hates it so much that she piles up loads of beach toys in her living room and pretends that it's the summer.Then she whacks up the thermostat, strips off her togs and indulges in her favourite pastime of lubricating the lilo. Well, beats stuffing the turkey , don't it !





Lulu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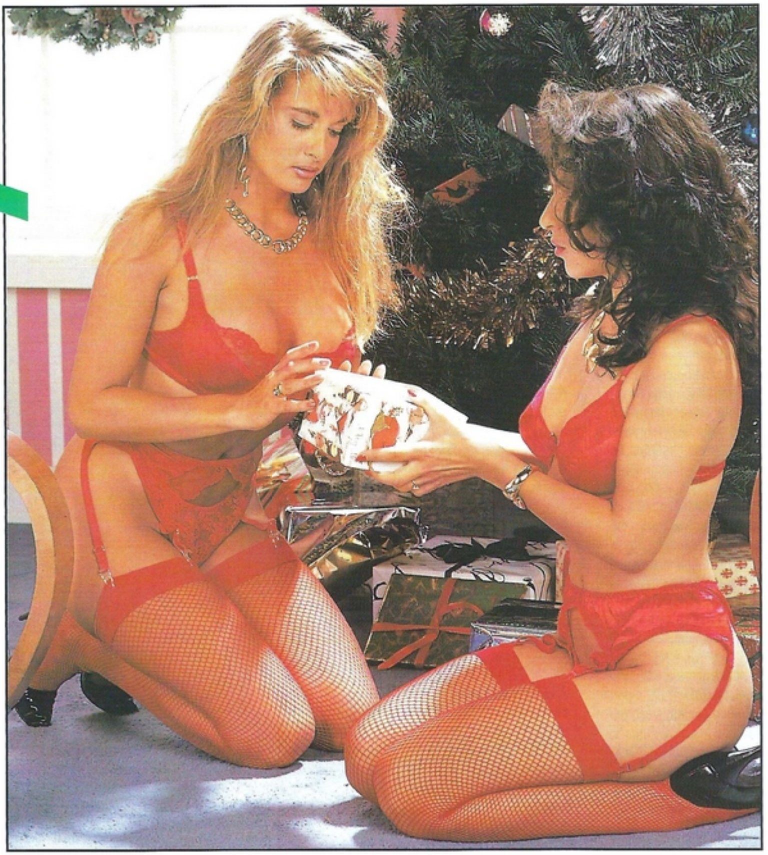
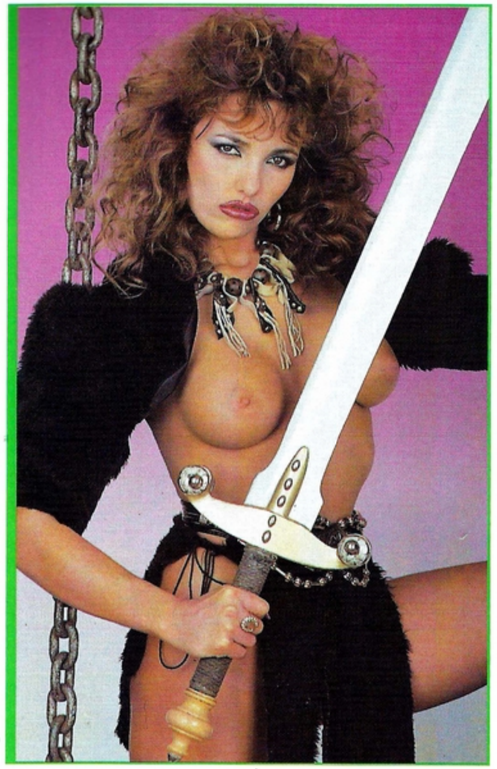
KNAVE

jackie & amy

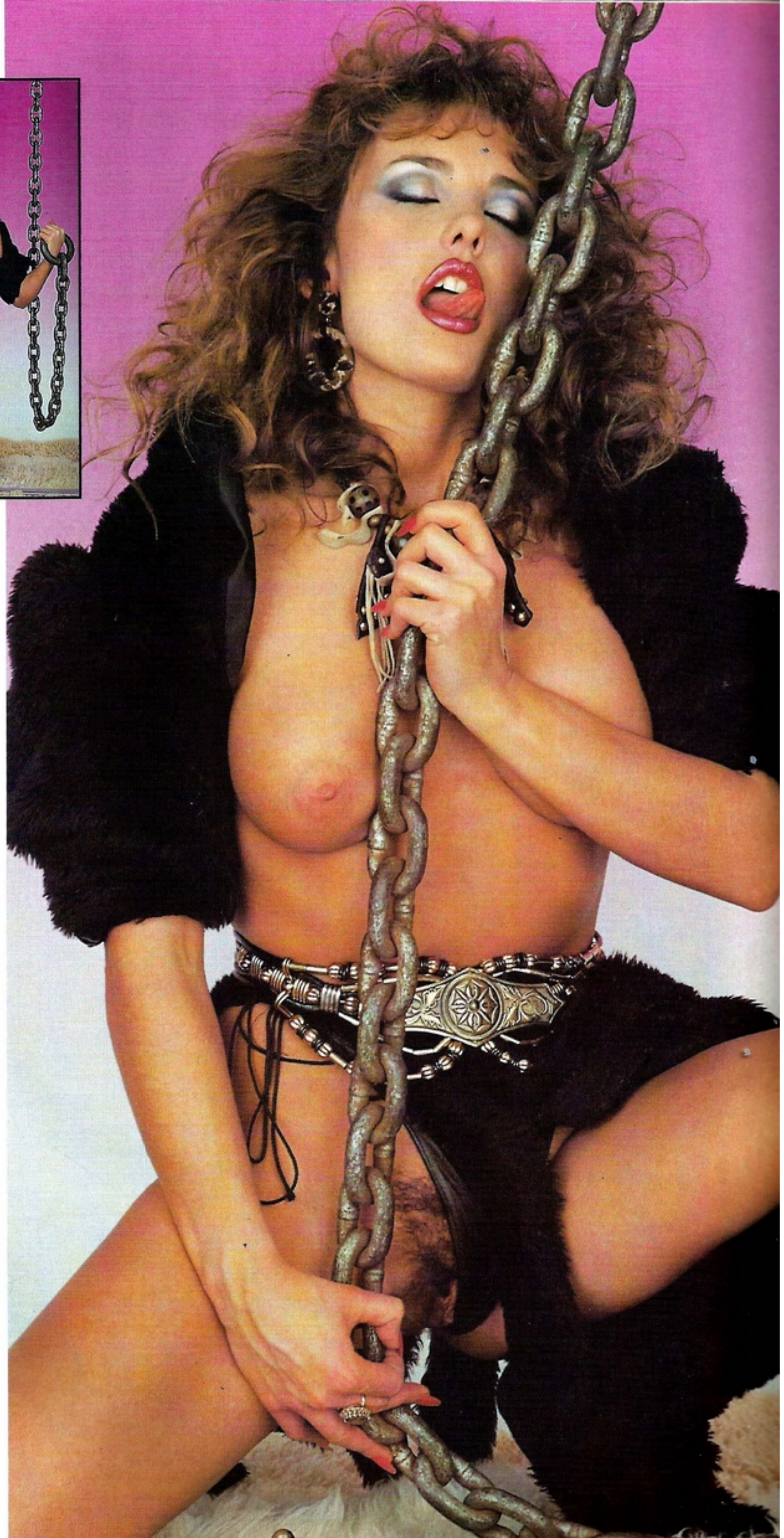
jackie & amy

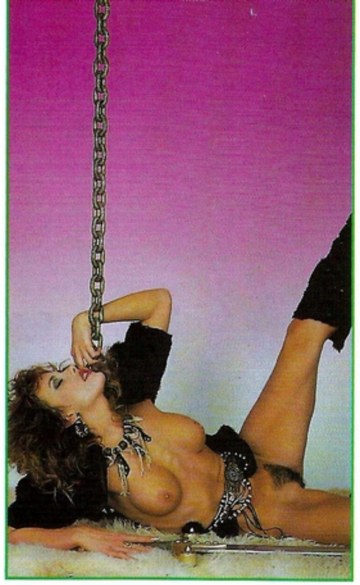


T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house was...bare flesh. Who could possibly blame Jackie and Amy for opening their pressies a little early? As usual, we couldn't decide on a big present for them, so we splashed out on some underwear. Once that had been cleaned up, we gave the gals their gifts. Oh, to be Santa as he slipped down their chimney ...and up and down and up, etc., etc. And for those of you who don't know who's who, Jackie's the one with the dark hair, and Amy's the one who received a new pair of boobs as an early Christmas pressie!



Gracie





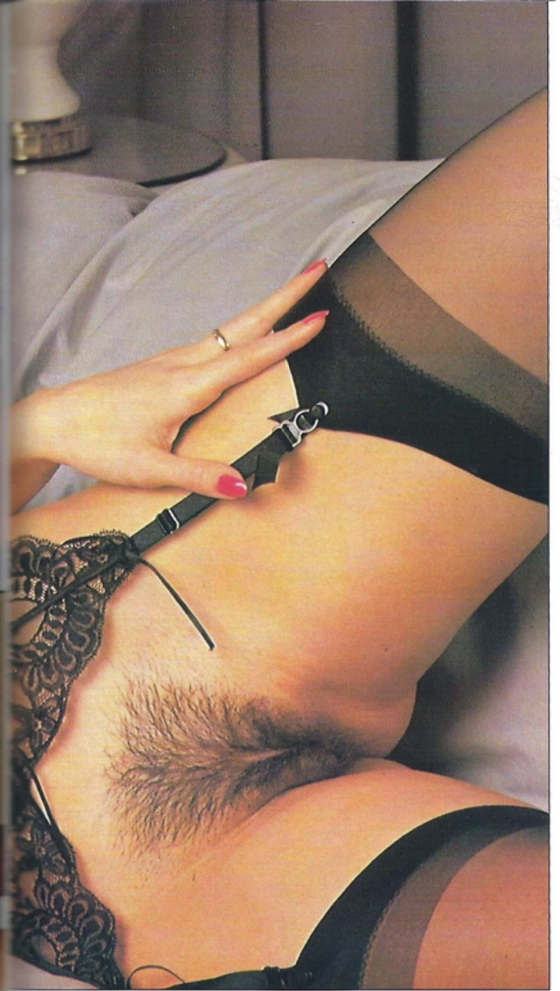
Christmas comes but once a year, which is more than some people. No, but seriously folks, Christmas is a time for giving and receiving. Personally, my favourite gifts are small but classy and well wrapped. Just like our Gracie, in fact. A fantastic Christmas treat, and no mistake! Consider her a personal little present, from us to you.

Photographed by JOHN MASON

ZOE

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

We've tried to offer you a broad cross-section of beautiful babes in this Christmas Special, knowing how tastes vary from man to man. To this end, allow me to introduce you to the buxom Zoe, a toothsome little morsel who just loves the Yuletide spirit. Her favourite part of Christmas is watching the snow fall and running out in it, clad only in the wispiest of nighties, to build snowmen with preposterously large carrots. There's no accounting for the puerility of some folk, is there?



The dictionary definition of Christmas is,"A day of secular celebrations when gifts and greetings are exchanged." However, my trouser turkey's definition of Christmas is,"A day of sexual celebrations when love juices are exchanged." Which is right? Readers, do you know?

Shirley

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

She said: "That was more than I had hoped for when I offered to take you out, and I want to have you again as soon as it can be arranged." "You certainly know how to give a bloke a good shag," I remarked, "we had better get you home, your husband will be on his way there by now." "OK, let's go," she said.

The windows on the car were steamed up, and the whole inside smelt of spunk.

I saw her during the next week many times. One morning I got word that I had one more worker to join my team, and as she knew the district, might know of digs for my mate. So on Tuesday morning I went to see her, to ask if she could help. "I will ask if one of my customers may have a room spare," she said. "Thanks," I replied. "Come to my house in the morning and I may have an address for you," she said. "Me come to your house! Will it be OK?" I asked. "Yes it will, my husband will be at work, come about 9, he knows I am trying to find digs for your mate," she said.

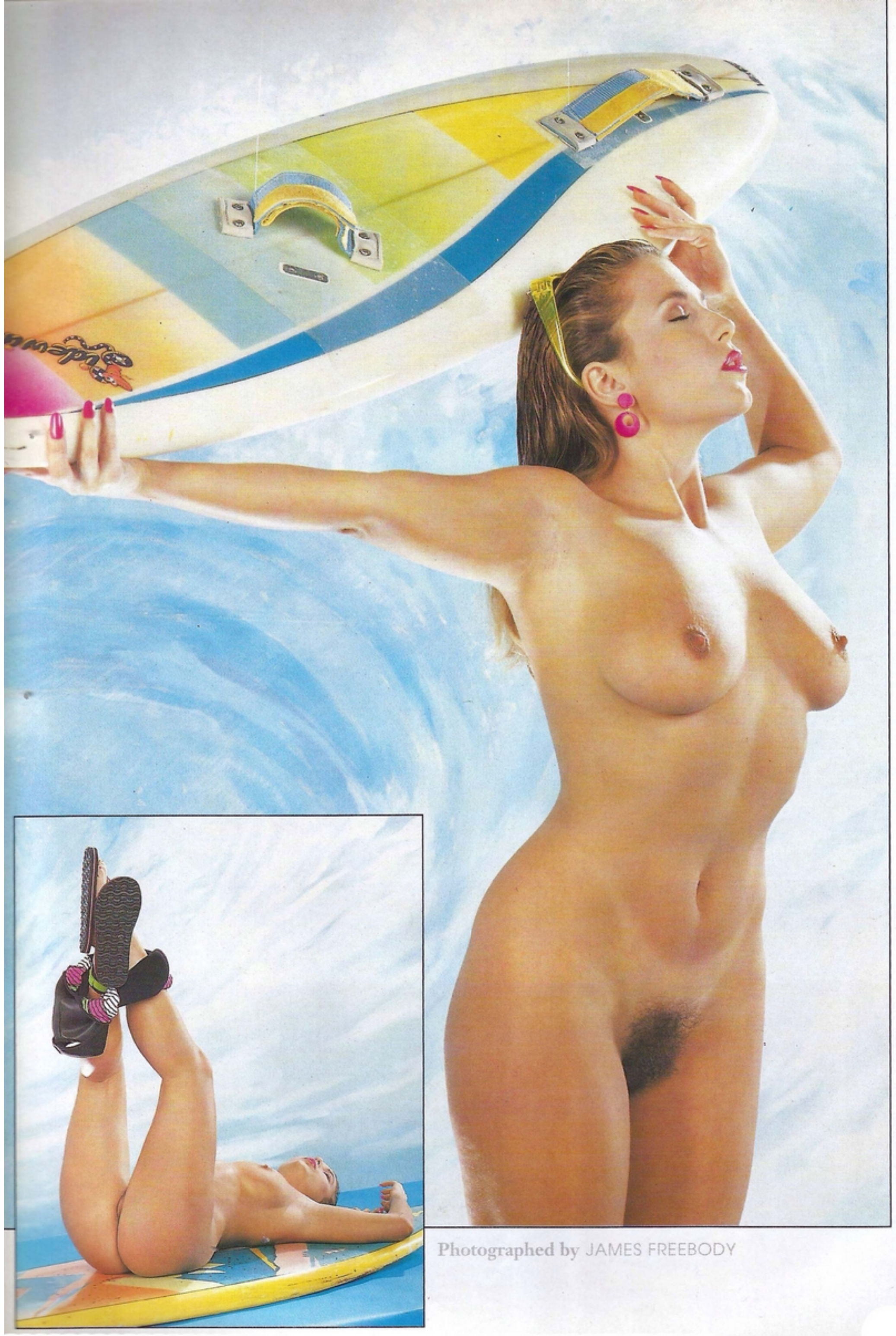
I was a little reluctant to go, but as my mate needed digs I went and rang the bell. Mrs H opened the door and I was confronted by her in just her dressing gown, "Come in, I have a place for your mate to stay, I will give you the address." She wrote the details on a slip of paper and I put it in my pocket. I was about to go when she said, "You are not going yet are you? I have something to show you first, here how is this?" She opened her gown fully, and my eyes almost popped out, she was stark naked. Her tits were firm and solid, her hairy bush hid her slit. She looked gorgeous, and really fuckable. "Christ woman, what are you trying to do to me?" I gulped at the sight of such a lovely mature woman. Taking my hand, she led me up the stairs.

Patsy

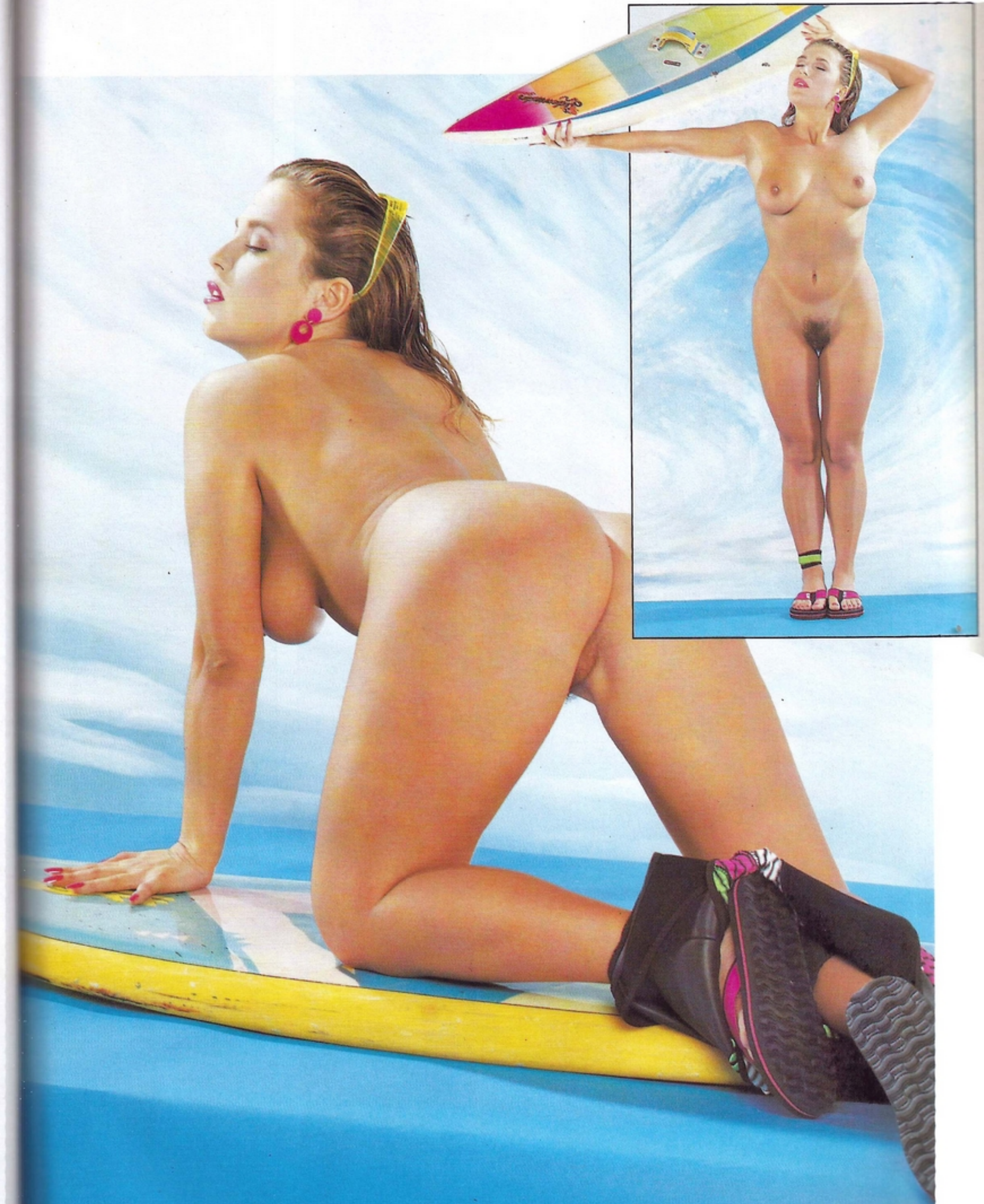
Some time ago you may recall that we had to take Richard off blurb duty, due to his Psycho blurbs. Here we have a vindication of that decision from P.R. in Notts. Worthy of being a blurb itself.

"Sack the blurb writer. It's not an important part of the magazine, but if he can't say anything nice about the girls, why say anything? I get fed up being told to wank all the time...The blurb has gone downhill in recent issues. It spoils my enjoyment of the pictures, which are otherwise great." Enough said, P.R., you've no idea how much stick we gave Richard over your letter!

Photographed by IAN POTTER



Photographed by JAMES FREEBODY



Martine

The last time we were fortunate enough to clap eyes on the luscious Martine was in this year's Silk & Satin Special, our homage to all things lingerie-like. Here, she's in a definite Christmas mood. Honestly.

Now come on, don't try to tell me that you lot don't go surfing in December? What a bunch of auld jessies, as we used to say north of Hadrian's Wall. Truth is, Martine's a bit of an adventuress and spent a lot of the year in Hawaii with the breakers, dodging the riptide and going with the flow.

If the idea of having her smooth sun oil onto your trunks as you lie on a deserted beach in the broiling sun is a bit too much for you in December, then I guess you don't want to know about a great time share offer I've got for beach huts in Greenland?

People eat strange things at this time of year, don't they ? For instance, Polish people have their main feast on Xmas Eve and get through a variety of weird and wonderful fare. This includes raw, pickled herring with onions and jellied pigs' trotters seasoned with plenty of garlic. Appetising as this is, it is surely no match for Joanna, our own tasty dish. What do you think, readers ?

Joanna

Photographed by GEOFF HAYES

Gina

Our regular readers will remember The Italian Job, a series we ran on Italian gals. Well, as a special treat, I thought it would be nice to revisit the land of La Dolce Vita to peruse Gina's pleasures. Isn't it nice to know that even as the wind howls and the rain pours (any snow where you are, yet?), you can still find someone like Gina to warm your cockles and muscles, alive, alive, oh? How much is a plane ticket to Italy, anyway?

Photographed by STEFANO SANTOR

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Ross Gilfillan
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
David Spenser
EDITOR
Moose
ART DIRECTOR
Al Buck
DEPUTY ART EDITOR
Tim Marney
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Grant van Dijk
DESIGNER
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Graham Page
GRAPHIC ARTISTS
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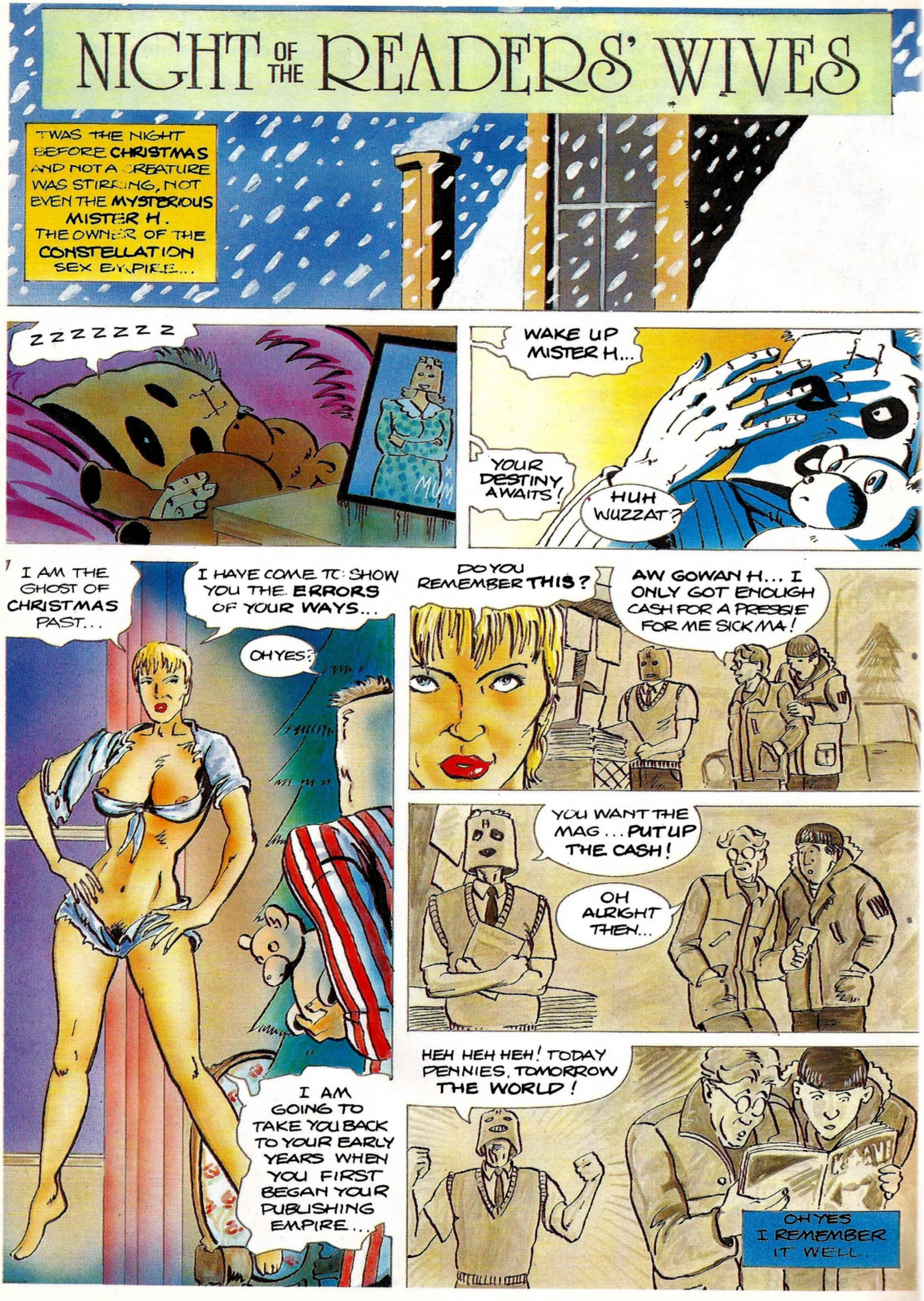
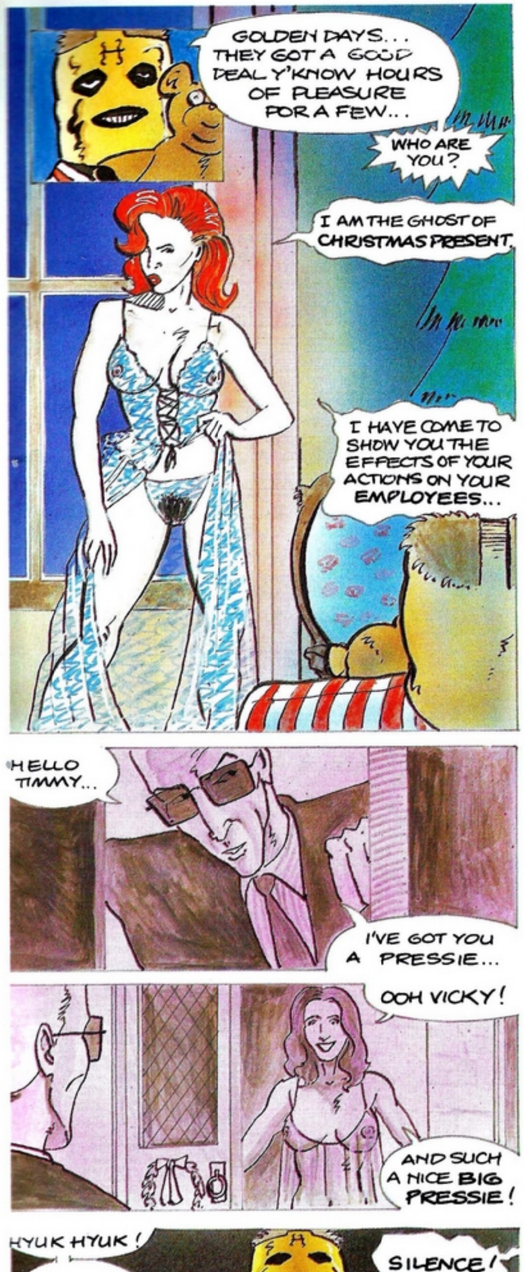
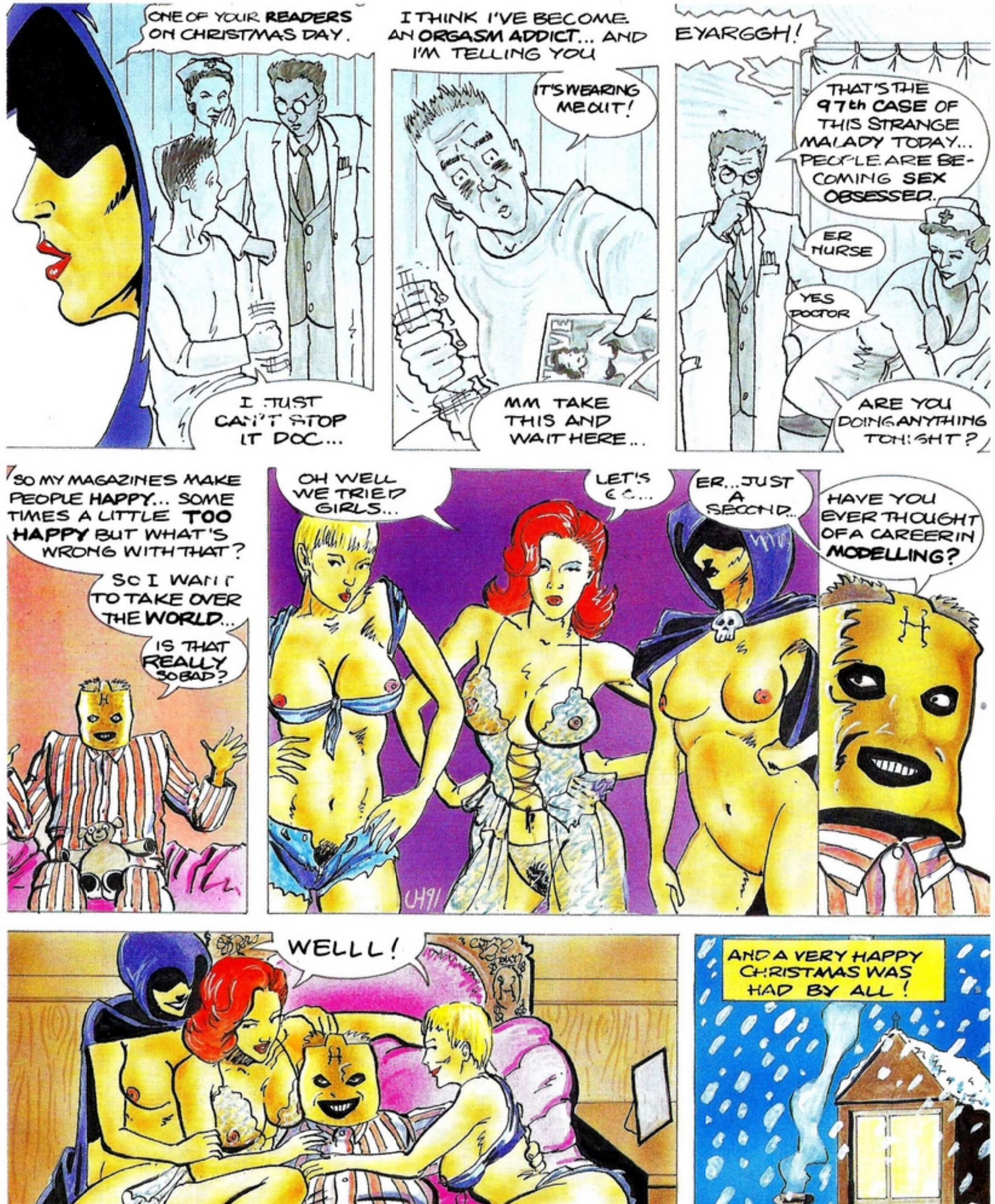
COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES FREEMAN

NIGHT OF THE READERS' WIVES


TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN THE MYSTERIOUS MISTER H. THE OWNER OF THE CONSTELLATION SEX EMPIRE...
ZZZZZZZ
MUM
WAKE UP MISTER H...
YOUR DESTINY AWAITS!
HUH WUZZAT?
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST...
I HAVE COME TO SHOW YOU THE ERRORS OF YOUR WAYS...
OH YES?
I AM GOING TO TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR EARLY YEARS WHEN YOU FIRST BEGAN YOUR PUBLISHING EMPIRE...
DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?
AW GOWAN H... I ONLY GOT ENOUGH CASH FOR A PRESSIE FOR ME SICK MA!
YOU WANT THE MAG... PUT UP THE CASH!
OH ALRIGHT THEN...
HEH HEH HEH! TODAY PENNIES, TOMORROW THE WORLD!
OH YES I REMEMBER IT WELL.


GOLDEN DAYS... THEY GOT A GOOD DEAL Y'KNOW HOURS OF PLEASURE FOR A FEW...
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
I HAVE COME TO SHOW YOU THE EFFECTS OF YOUR ACTIONS ON YOUR EMPLOYEES...
YOUR EDITOR MR. McGUFFIN AT HOME WITH HIS FAMILY ON CHRISTMAS DAY...
WELL DID YOU GET YOUR BONUS THIS YEAR?
ER
DID YOU ASK HIM?
ER
THAT'S TWELVE YEARS IN A ROW YOU'RE USELESS!...
WAAAGH!
WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE THAT NICE VIC VULTURE?
ER
HE'S SO KIND AND THOUGHTFUL... YOU KNOW HE'S GONE TO THE ORPHANAGE TODAY WITH A GIFT FOR POOR LITTLE TINY TIM!
OH.
HELLO TIMMY...
I'VE GOT YOU A PRESSIE...
OOH VICKY!
AND SUCH A NICE BIG PRESSIE!
HYUK HYUK!
THAT VULTURE
WHAT A DOG
SILENCE!
I AM DEATH THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE.
LUMMEE


ONE OF YOUR READERS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
I JUST CAN'T STOP IT DOC...
I THINK I'VE BECOME AN ORGASM ADDICT... AND I'M TELLING YOU
IT'S WEARING ME OUT!
MM TAKE THIS AND WAIT HERE...
EYARGGH!
THAT'S THE 97th CASE OF THIS STRANGE MALADY TODAY... PEOPLE ARE BECOMING SEX OBSESSED.
ER NURSE
YES DOCTOR
ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT?
SO MY MAGAZINES MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY... SOMETIMES A LITTLE TOO HAPPY BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
SO I WANT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD...
IS THAT REALLY SO BAD?
OH WELL WE TRIED GIRLS...
LET'S GO...
ER... JUST A SECOND...
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF A CAREER IN MODELLING?
CH91
WELLL!
AND A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS WAS HAD BY ALL!
With serious apologies to Charles D. U.H.

CHRISTMAS *in* HELL

G-string with topping fringe, striptease instructions and an enrolment form for a College of Striptease. How many Christmas nights it brightened up has never been recorded.

Many of us were brought up to appreciate thrift, but at Christmas time it is permissible to break free from the shackles. After Boxing Day, the time of reckoning begins. In the New Year the bills start coming in, then the 'never again' groans become more anguished.

Into this aura of alcoholic and indigestion-induced remorse, thoughts of summer holidays are now introduced. Psychologically, the tour operators could be right. Funds are low, but there is long enough ahead to make saving for a summer holiday viable, and the desire to get away from it all could never be stronger.

Not surprisingly, in this period of hurly-burly activity some of the weaker succumb. Two or three days before Christmas and particularly Christmas Eve, is a time of intense loneliness for many people. It is also a time when in certain stress areas, suicide rates increase by up to 20 per cent.

Those without families, or those who have recently lost dear ones, naturally feel their loneliness or loss deeper at this time of gathering together. Yet the family reunions are not always the great success they are cracked up to be. Often they result in renewing old rivalries, and dragging skeletons out of family cupboards best kept locked in.

Christmas is a highly emotional time when everyone is supposed to be having a good time. Those that are not, feel something must be wrong with their lives. As a result, sharp increases in tension between husbands and wives occur at Christmas time. Many marriages crumble completely under the strain, and Marriage Guidance councillors always expect extra case loads after the holiday.

Even so, in spite of all the snags, most of us cannot resist being caught up in the enigmatic frenzy of Christmas, Xmas or both. The long drag of the preparations beforehand have a joy-misery ambivalence. We indulge ourselves while the festivities last, suffer the inevitable hangovers with bitter regret, then when reason sets in, make resolutions knowing full well that next December we will enter into the run-up activities with the same reckless abandon, experience the same agonies of enjoyment, forget the 'never again' avowals of last year, yet still maintain that only fools fail to profit from their mistakes.

Where There's Muck, There's BRA$$!

How many of you remember the erotic film adaptation of Caligula? And how many of you didn't ever get a chance to see it at the time? Never mind, because its director, Tinto Brass, is still making films. TONY CRAWLEY met up with him in France to discuss his latest project and his love of beautiful women, sex and brothels . . .

Most Italian films directed by Tinto Brass wind up in court on obscenity charges. Not the usual fate for movies starring Vanessa Redgrave, Peter O'Toole, Helen Mirren, Malcom McDowell, Stefania Sandrelli, or even Sir John Gielgud. These days, the Brass name is enough to pack cinemas – as he literally uncovers the type of full-bodied actresses that have Russ Meyer weeping into his oatmeal.

Tinto's latest Euro-triumph – a girl called Debora Caprioglio as a sex-feast called *Paprika* – underlines all his obsessions. *Paprika* is a tart in a brothel (a 1950s *Fanny Hill* with knobs on). And Tinto is a Brass who loves all brasses. He salutes them with joyous erotica that skirts the edge of pornography.

He remains the only director I know who says the major influence on his style was fucking in brothels.

None of which makes chatting to Tinto easy. Not when you're sat in the lounge of a posh Paris hotel and a trio of terribly British tourists a few tables away start squirming while Tinto, as loud as his pink tie, almost dictates our headings . . .

PROSTITUTES

'*Paprika* is my tribute to whores, these great women who can separate sex from sentiment – as men normally do. And what today's women are doing. I've never understood why the word 'whore' should be an insult for a woman. It's just a job description.

'Nothing wrong in selling the vagina. A footballer sells his legs, a worker sells his arms – and many of you journalists sell your brain. The cunt is the same – a bit of your body that you sell. Except throughout history, it's been surrounded by mystery and spirituality – shameful to sell or rent it! Whether that's good or bad has nothing to do with sex – but a society based on money.'

BROTHELS

'I was a strong habituate of brothels. In 1948, I was really afraid when the parliament voted to close them down. I was too young at 16, so I faked my ID as everybody else did – including the girls! Fortunately, as always in Italy, the law took a very long time to become effective. So I had ten years to enjoy myself!

'What was wonderful – *beautiful!* – was not the fucking . . . Yes, well, of course, the fucking! But even better was the salon. You went in, sat down, met the girls, got to know them while the Madame was screaming about this and that! You also met the other clients, people you would never be able to meet outside as they came from different social levels. Priests, sailors, adventurers . . . Fascinating!

'I fell in love with one girl. She wasn't called Paprika – but she was full of paprika! You're really lost when you fall in love with a whore. Because they know really *everything* about the male. They can do whatever they want with you. They play with you and your affections. Even so, I survived ten years – and it made me the film-maker I am today. Definately!

'In Venice, we had 30 brothels and 30 cinemas. Now we've only three cinemas – no brothels at all! I'd steal books from my family's library, sell them to a bookseller and go to a cinema and them to a brothel. So for me, cinema and brothels were always connected . . . When they started closing the brothels, I moved ahead of them . . . I kept changing universities so that I'd always be in a town with a brothel! I eventually got my law degree at Ferrara – the last town they were closed in. I got my degree thanks to bordellos. I'd go to one before taking important exams. I had a nice fuck and then in a very relaxed way, without any fear, I'd take my exam – and pass it.'

MASTURBATION

You once told me that you masturbated every morning – before cleaning your teeth, your wife said – for the same reason . . .

'When you have to tackle a day full of problems, you must be very relaxed, no? Before exams, if I'd no

CHRISTMAS *in* HELL

For some people Christmas is all about stuffing and crackers. But as far as Geoffrey Humphrys is concerned, it's one long round of accidents, loneliness, debt, despair and doom. Happy bleeder, ain't he!

During December most of us go around wishing all and sundry a Happy or Merry Christmas. Most acquaintances reciprocate with similar greetings, but are these exchanges meaningful? Do we, or they, believe that it is really possible to enjoy the traditional British festive season?

Looked at logically, Christmas Day is an annual occasion when normally rational-minded people suddenly take leave of their senses. Quite inexplicably, they consider no over-indulgence too much, no risk too great and on no account should any sensible warning be heeded.

Let us consider just a few of the pitfalls, starting with the trimmings, many of which have hazards that far outweigh their highly unlikely ecstasies. The Christmas tree, greetings cards, paper decorations and gift wrappings are all fire fodder. This is why the fire brigades of our big cities are likely to have as many as 100 emergency calls before three o'clock on Christmas afternoon.

Holly contains a dangerous poison, and mistletoe berries, too, can be poisonous. Both should be kept well out of the reach of young children and family pets. Much of the festive fare is either too rich or too strong for many of its consumers. Yet without a second thought they continue eating and drinking until they either feel sick or they are sick. The excuse is that Christmas comes only once a year — a fact for which we should all be truly thankful.

> "Christmas day is an annual occasion when normally rational people take leave of their senses."

Pouring brandy on the Christmas pudding can be reminiscent of lighting a damp squib or, if over-lubricated, it flares up with a whoosh capable of singeing eyebrows and anything else in the way. If coins or tokens are put into the mixture, there is always the danger of somebody swallowing one. If this happens, without previous warning of the presence of coins in the pudding, legal action can be taken against the providers.

Every December, Christmas cards flood the postal system. They tend to appear in the shops earlier every year and certainly start being posted early, some arriving up to three weeks before Christmas Day. We would be considered cranky if we sent normal birthday cards to family and friends so far in advance.

There are two celebrations — Christmas and Xmas. The former is for practising Christians, still observed in churches and continued in the form of family reunions. Xmas is the escapist celebration of the non-practising religious majority, a release from the humdrum after a year of mediocrity. Having made do and mended throughout the year, a certain joy can be derived from lavish and foolish spending. We buy presents we cannot afford, many of them quite useless to the recipients.

Psychologists maintain that it is the desire to spend rather than give which keeps Christmas popular. Surely they must be right, how else could some of the Christmas luxuries ever be sold. Take a few examples — music box soap containers, handmade Christmas crackers containing a piece of genuine jewellery at £1000 each, a handmade 19 carat gold moustache comb at £600, a lace negligée encrusted with jewels costing a mere £15,000, or for the conservationists, a Noah's Ark complete with a paired assortment of different species of 92 mammals, 10 reptiles, 26 birds, 14 fish and 38 insects — all live, at a cost of £325,000. These are some of the recent offering on the Christmas speciality market, which perhaps some people cannot do without.

Gypsy Rose Lee, the celebrated American striptease performer who will be remembered by many Grandads of today, inspired another Christmas present, when a striptease kit bearing her name was put on the market. Advertised as the most personal present any man can could buy his dream girl, it consisted of two pearl-mounted bosom bonnets, a navel jewel, a black lace-over-nude-

> "Pouring brandy on the Christmas pudding can be reminiscent of lighting a damp squib."

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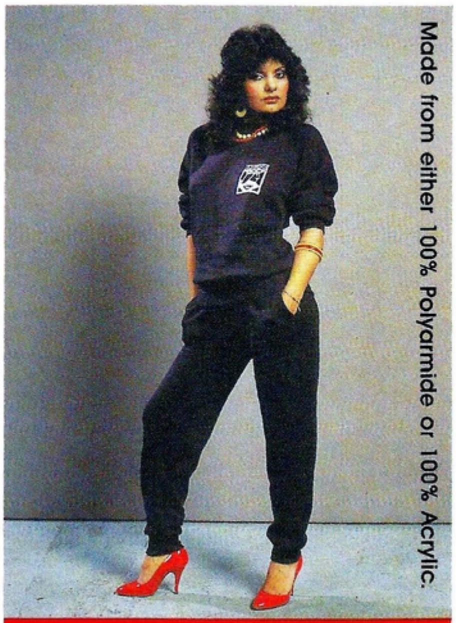

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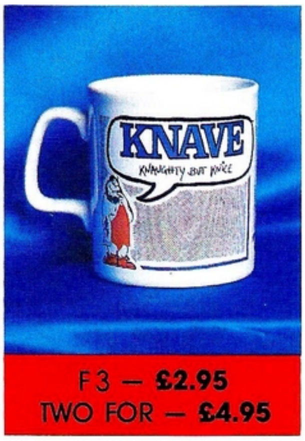

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Where There's Muck, There's BRA$$!

time – or money – for a brothel, I'd masturbate. Then, I would be ab-so-lute-ly relaxed! And I passed my exams! I don't do it so much now. I have a very active sex life. And I'm relaxed enough. And I like to make sure everyone is relaxed, comfortable on my sets. If not, I say: 'Go and masturbate!'"

BIG TITS

'I found my *Paprika*, Debora Caprioglio (23), watching some tennis in a newspaper photo. She's an actress, not a model – a real natural talent for acting. She just needs someone to push her. Like most young actresses today, she needs someone to blow on her embers to cause a real fire. After the film, she starred in my stage production of *Lulu* for seven months – naked from start to finish! Originally, it was her face that attracted me. Such angelic innocence. I never knew she had such a devilish body until we met. She's exactly the full-breasted girl of the 50s. An image fixed in my mind – because I discovered sex with that type of woman. She has remained my model. I can't get rid of that image.'

BROTHELS II

'You don't need brothels anymore. Today's girls are very free, they fuck as they want to. In the old days, the maximum you could get from a girlfriend was a hand job. Bordellos are no answer to AIDS. The only protection is the condom. Even in the brothels, the medical controls meant nothing – you could be fucking the girls between tests!

'In those days, you went to the brothel to fuck. You stayed in the salon to lose time. It was like a club. And you found pleasure in the human relationships there, while you waited for your favourite girl. Very different, today. I went to the Eros Centre in Germany. They lack the salon. You never meet all the girls. They show you an album of photos. You choose your girl. You walk through a labyrinth of corridors. You arrive in a room where she waits alone for you. But what I miss is all this human relationship, the utter civilisation of the salon.'

PUSSY

'Italian actresses aren't scared of my reputation. Nor are their mothers. When I called Debora, her mother realised who I was and shouted: 'I'LL GET HER FOR YOU IMMEDIATELY!' As usual, I explained everything in very clear, frank terms: 'I'll be shooting your pussy. And I don't just want to see your carpet, I want to see your *sexe*.' That's why you can show female nudity not male nudes in Italian films. Because with women you never see the *sexe* – just the carpet.'

COCKS

'That's why *Paprika* is such a big hit. Women, really enjoy themselves. Because they see cocks. Normally, you don't see cocks in Italian films – because they're financed by TV and you can't show cocks on TV! Plus the censors consider the cock is the frontier of obscenity. Hah! You remember Freud writing about penis envy in women? Italian censors a suffer what Woody Allen calls penis envy in men – they hate seeing large, erect cocks.

'But they're not all real. Take the hunchback. His hump was real, his cock was not! Journalists used to ask why I had more pussies then cocks in my films. I said: 'Because the cock is something that women directors should take in their hands!'"

PISSING

Inevitably, *Paprika* has a pissing scene – but a golden shower for once and with your camera in front?

'The pissing is always in the script. It has to be. The actress has to . . . prepare! Anyway, Italian actresses know me. They say: 'Ah yes, that is your typical scene.' Then they ask me did Stefania Sandrelli really piss in *The Key*? Yes! Did Serena Grandi really piss in *Miranda*? Yes!'

But this time an important actor is being pissed on?

'John Steiner (from *Caligula*) is a very nice guy. I asked him: 'Do you object to being pissed on?' He said: 'Oh no!' And I know the next question! It is *always* real pissing – for the first take!! Difficult to do it for real a second time. For the second take, we use a little tube going down between the crack of the bottom and just under – but still out of sight. I reserve such scenes for the end of the day. Debora was drinking been all day to get ready!'

PORNO

'People say *Paprika* is a hard film. That's only because of the cocks! I don't make porno films. I never shot the hard-core sequences in *Caligula*. I make erotic films. I'm interested in capturing emotions. Eroticism is an expression, a meditation of language, not just of sexual facts. Porno just reproduces the sexual act like a xerox machine. No joy, no pleasure, no voluptousness! I cut out a sucking scene because it was not joyful enough.

'If you make porno, strictly porno, you simply fix the camera on the sexual organs . . . and almost walk away! The rest – the fucking – that is not interesting. Not on its own. You have to surround it with a context of human relationships. And that is what I make films about – relationships between men and women. And that means sex, sure. But not porno.'

FUCKING

'Whether my stars fuck for real or simulate sex – that's left entirely to them. (Laugh) I remember, during *Caligula*, I had this big orgy scene with lots of naked extras. After the scene, two extras came to see me. '*Dottore*, are you happy with us?' 'Yes, why?' 'We fucked for real.' So, I said, who saw you!'

CENSORSHIP

'All my films are about this honest love of freedom – which is why I am censored and judged by governments who forbid such ideals. And now one copy of Paprika has been seized and I am going on trial for obscenity – again! For showing the cock! My law degree comes in useful! I always win. And I'll win again. Because it's ridiculous to consider the cock an offence and not the vagina – stupid!

'My defence will be based on that. And on what the Italian writer Curzio Malaparte always said: 'The true Italian flag is not the tricolour, but the male organ in erection.' So I'll say: 'You accuse me of obscenity when I am just being a good patriot and waving the flag!'

FOOTNOTE: Tinto is preparing two new films. 'One is connected with those letters full of sex in magazines like Knave. I always read Knave! The openess of women in these letters is incredible. Whether they're true or not, I'm curious about this universe of feminine dreams and sexuality.' Aren't we all!

Sex Sells

BUT WHO'S BUYING?

illegal in this country, but that doesn't stop *some* mail order firms advertising it for sale. Some of these companies do, in fact, supply the real thing, but most don't; they can't, since it's illegal in this country. Unfortunately, there are still some people out there who vainly hope that they won't be cheated by the bad guys. Instead, you'll pay through the nose for a late Sixties Italian sex comedy that's been hyped as containing 'non stop fucking & sucking'. Or else you'll get nothing at all, and the 'firm' will vanish after a couple of lucrative ads have been published. The rip-off merchants can do this because they know that there's little chance of anybody suing them for false advertising, or complaining to the police. After all, to do so would mark the victim of this crime as a member of the 'dirty mac' brigade. So punters are palmed off with badly produced material, heavily censored films, and magazines with huge red dots printed over the penetration shots, and are simply expected to accept it. The people who do this have no real interest in the adult entertainment field - in fact, they do it a great disservice, these individuals fit every cliche thrown at the porn industry. They really are only in it for the money, and they hold their customers in as much contempt as Mary Whitehouse does. They thrive and they are kept in business by the ludicrous laws that allow hard porn to be advertisted, provided that you have no intention of actually supplying it.The only advice anyone can give is: buyer beware.

> "The only way to beat the current and would-be censors is to take them on at their own game."

The point is simple: if those of us who enjoy and appreciate adult material continue to hide our heads in the sand, and pretend that it's someone else who is buying this stuff, then there will never be any change for the better. In fact, if we remain silent, then more and more Draconian laws will be forced through by those highly vocal and worryingly persuasive groups who see porn as a social evil to be destroyed. The right to be able to see images of consenting adults performing sexual acts on film or in print is as important a civil liberty as any, and should be fought for vigorously. And that's what we must do. The only way to beat the current and would-be censors is to take them on at their own game, rather than always being put on the defensive, we need to go on the offensive. The next time somebody claims porn is bad, demand to know why - most won't know, and the few who do give reasons will be so hopelessly misguided and uninformed, that you'll be able to destroy their claims with a handful of basic facts. The next time you buy a girlie mag or a glamour video, don't hang around the shop waiting for it to empty before you shuffle, embarrassed, to the counter - you don't have to shout from the rooftops about your intended purchase, but there's no reason to be ashamed either. After all, the shops stock this stuff because they want to sell it!

Closer ties with Europe in 1992 will almost certainly see a period of confusion regarding the legality of porn in Britain, and it's vital that we make ourselves heard during the debate that will follow. It's an uphill struggle, but one that has to be made if we ever want to dispel the negative image and sense of shame that currently surrounds sexual entertainment in this country, and drag ourselves out of the dark ages and into line with the rest of the 'free' world.

Censorship can be an evil tool in the wrong hands. Already this year we've seen a number of anti-porn campaigns falter but we might not be so lucky in the future. Naturally, we don't want to see further censorship, but at the same time, we're totally biased and couldn't really write anything on the subject ourselves... Luckily, David Flint (name in caps please) wrote us a piece instead.

The Ed Says:

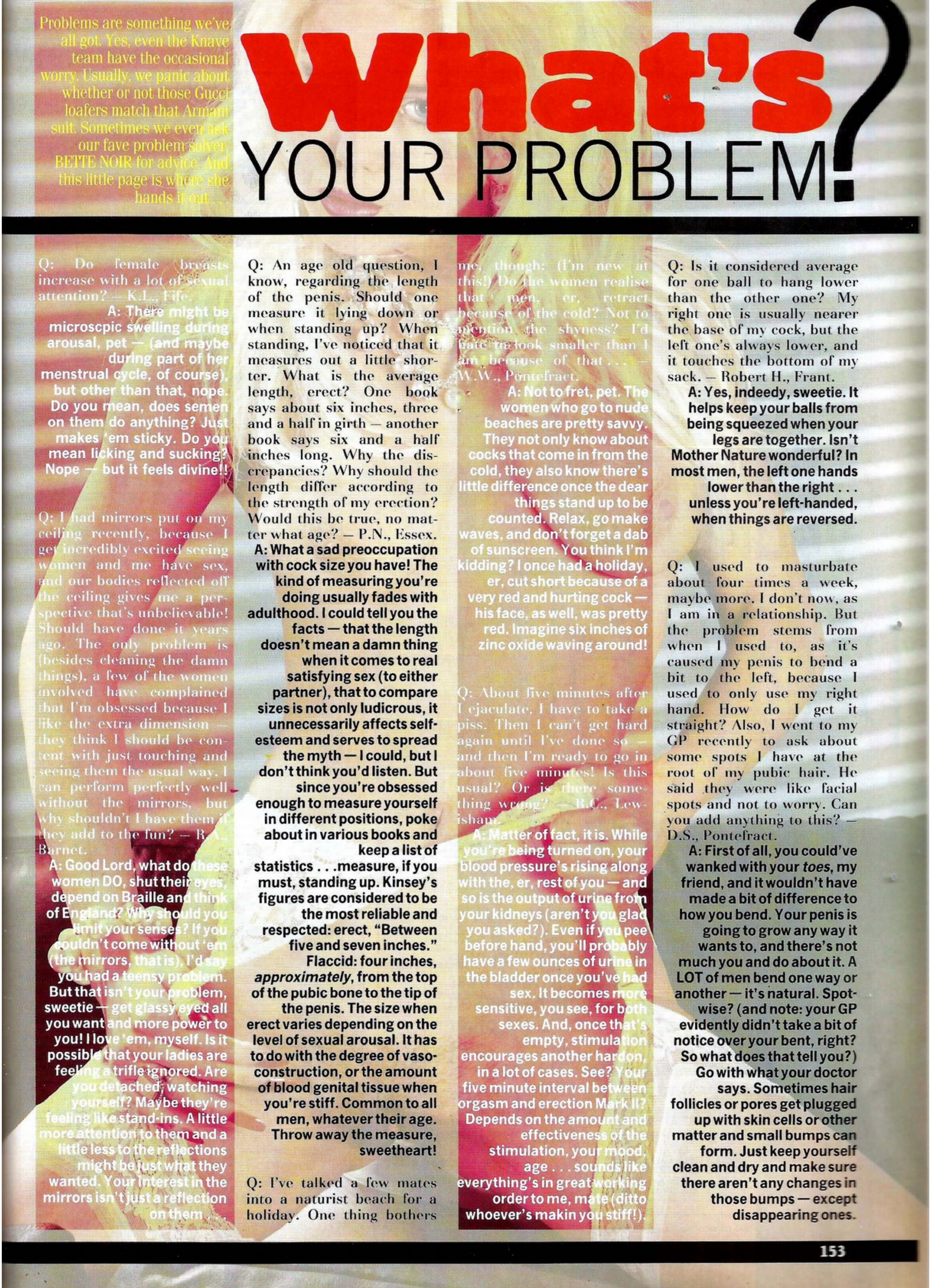
Pornography, in its many shapes and forms, has been blamed for a great many things over the years. It's still often linked with sex crimes, which I personally think is nonsense, since rape is all about power, not sex. Also, rape existed long before magazines like Knave; did the Vikings read pornography before raping and pillaging, were the women they raped "asking for it"? No on both counts. It's unfair to trivialise such an horrific crime, but at the same time, isn't it about time people stopped using porn as an excuse for sex crimes?

We are told that pornography demeans and objectifies women, but surely the objectification of women is a much bigger problem than pornography? I can differentiate between the girl I see printed on the page and the one I meet in person, and I don't imagine that I'm blessed with any incredible power of perception that you don't have. If women are objectified by pornography, then they are surely stereotyped more often and much more subtly in the general media, in TV and advertising and these mediums should receive just as much flak from feminists and censors.

To censor pornography further would almost certainly lead to it being driven underground, where harder, more damaging material would flourish. There is already enough of a social stigma to buying a men's magazine in a shop, although, as the article says, the magazines are there because there is a demand for them and they sell. The problem we have is that there is a much larger forum for the anti-pornography lobby than those who approve of it. Most of the Editors of men's magazines have, at one time or another, been invited to take part in debates on the subject. Few attend, since it's like being a lamb to the slaughter; attendance also gives recognition to the anti-porn lobby. It's sad to say that the ambassadors of pornography are few and far between. I've been invited to appear on TV and discuss it, but why should I suffer on national TV to satisfy the ego of a bunch of wanna-be fascists, when I know beyond doubt that my answers will be ignored and audience and host sympathy will undoubtedly lie with the campaigners? How many of you, the readers, would be willing to stand up in front of an audience and say yes, I read what `you would deem to be obscene material? In my opinion, pornography, in this form, isn't obscene, but the belief that some people can judge the morals and restrict the freedom of their fellows is.

The only way that pornography will ever be accepted by society in this country is for the nation as a whole to realise that banning or hiding something makes it more tempting, and that Queen Victoria died an awfully long time ago. Men have always liked looking at pictures of naked women, we've been like that since the dawn of time. It's a testosterone hang up! Last century's pornography is this century's art. Isn't it time we all grew up and realised that? Strange, isn't it, that something such as 0898 numbers, which many would seek to ban, made around £52 million profit last year? I don't think all of them were wrong numbers, either...

ANYONE?
DOLLS
14 DEMURE ORIENTAL BABES
INTIMATE SECRETS!
HANDLE WITH CARE
LEG SHOW
LIPS
Climax
ORALRAMA
THE KINKY LADIES OF 1991
Sex Directory
RODOX 22
Skin And Dive In
Virgin on the Verge
FOTOGIRLS
PLEASURE
NUMBER ONE IN EXCITEMENT
EXTRA BUSEN Nr. 7
Juanita
Roma Carr
Tammy
TO BE WON!
COMPETITION



What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually, we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out . . .

Q: Do female breasts increase with a lot of sexual attention? – K.L., Fife.

A: There might be microscpic swelling during arousal, pet — (and maybe during part of her menstrual cycle, of course), but other than that, nope. Do you mean, does semen on them do anything? Just makes 'em sticky. Do you mean licking and sucking? Nope — but it feels divine!!

Q: I had mirrors put on my ceiling recently, because I get incredibly excited seeing women and me have sex, and our bodies reflected off the ceiling gives me a perspective that's unbelievable! Should have done it years ago. The only problem is (besides cleaning the damn things), a few of the women involved have complained that I'm obsessed because I like the extra dimension – they think I should be content with just touching and seeing them the usual way. I can perform perfectly well without the mirrors, but why shouldn't I have them if they add to the fun? – R.A., Barnet.

A: Good Lord, what do these women DO, shut their eyes, depend on Braille and think of England? Why should you limit your senses? If you couldn't come without 'em (the mirrors, that is), I'd say you had a teensy problem. But that isn't your problem, sweetie — get glassy eyed all you want and more power to you! I love 'em, myself. Is it possible that your ladies are feeling a trifle ignored. Are you detached, watching yourself? Maybe they're feeling like stand-ins. A little more attention to them and a little less to the reflections might be just what they wanted. Your interest in the mirrors isn't just a reflection on them . . .

Q: An age old question, I know, regarding the length of the penis. Should one measure it lying down or when standing up? When standing, I've noticed that it measures out a little shorter. What is the average length, erect? One book says about six inches, three and a half in girth – another book says six and a half inches long. Why the discrepancies? Why should the length differ according to the strength of my erection? Would this be true, no matter what age? – P.N., Essex.

A: What a sad preoccupation with cock size you have! The kind of measuring you're doing usually fades with adulthood. I could tell you the facts — that the length doesn't mean a damn thing when it comes to real satisfying sex (to either partner), that to compare sizes is not only ludicrous, it unnecessarily affects self-esteem and serves to spread the myth — I could, but I don't think you'd listen. But since you're obsessed enough to measure yourself in different positions, poke about in various books and keep a list of statistics . . .measure, if you must, standing up. Kinsey's figures are considered to be the most reliable and respected: erect, "Between five and seven inches." Flaccid: four inches, *approximately*, from the top of the pubic bone to the tip of the penis. The size when erect varies depending on the level of sexual arousal. It has to do with the degree of vasoconstruction, or the amount of blood genital tissue when you're stiff. Common to all men, whatever their age. Throw away the measure, sweetheart!

Q: I've talked a few mates into a naturist beach for a holiday. One thing bothers me, though: (I'm new at this!) Do the women realise that men, er, retract because of the cold? Not to mention the shyness? I'd hate to look smaller than I am because of that . . . – W.W., Pontefract.

A: Not to fret, pet. The women who go to nude beaches are pretty savvy. They not only know about cocks that come in from the cold, they also know there's little difference once the dear things stand up to be counted. Relax, go make waves, and don't forget a dab of sunscreen. You think I'm kidding? I once had a holiday, er, cut short because of a very red and hurting cock — his face, as well, was pretty red. Imagine six inches of zinc oxide waving around!

Q: About five minutes after I ejaculate, I have to take a piss. Then I can't get hard again until I've done so – and then I'm ready to go in about five minutes! Is this usual? Or is there something wrong? – R.C., Lewisham.

A: Matter of fact, it is. While you're being turned on, your blood pressure's rising along with the, er, rest of you — and so is the output of urine from your kidneys (aren't you glad you asked?). Even if you pee before hand, you'll probably have a few ounces of urine in the bladder once you've had sex. It becomes more sensitive, you see, for both sexes. And, once that's empty, stimulation encourages another hardon, in a lot of cases. See? Your five minute interval between orgasm and erection Mark II? Depends on the amount and effectiveness of the stimulation, your mood, age . . . sounds like everything's in great working order to me, mate (ditto whoever's makin you stiff!).

Q: Is it considered average for one ball to hang lower than the other one? My right one is usually nearer the base of my cock, but the left one's always lower, and it touches the bottom of my sack. – Robert H., Frant.

A: Yes, indeedy, sweetie. It helps keep your balls from being squeezed when your legs are together. Isn't Mother Nature wonderful? In most men, the left one hands lower than the right . . . unless you're left-handed, when things are reversed.

Q: I used to masturbate about four times a week, maybe more. I don't now, as I am in a relationship. But the problem stems from when I used to, as it's caused my penis to bend a bit to the left, because I used to only use my right hand. How do I get it straight? Also, I went to my GP recently to ask about some spots I have at the root of my pubic hair. He said they were like facial spots and not to worry. Can you add anything to this? – D.S., Pontefract.

A: First of all, you could've wanked with your *toes*, my friend, and it wouldn't have made a bit of difference to how you bend. Your penis is going to grow any way it wants to, and there's not much you and do about it. A LOT of men bend one way or another — it's natural. Spotwise? (and note: your GP evidently didn't take a bit of notice over your bent, right? So what does that tell you?) Go with what your doctor says. Sometimes hair follicles or pores get plugged up with skin cells or other matter and small bumps can form. Just keep yourself clean and dry and make sure there aren't any changes in those bumps — except disappearing ones.

Sex Sells

BUT WHO'S BUYING?

The controversial world of pornography came under attack again earlier this year, as the campaign against Page 3 girls and men's magazines hit the headlines once more. The government report on pornography, published late in 1990, found no firm link between pornography and sex-related crimes. That study and its findings, however, seemed to pass the campaigners by. Among the many contradictory statements thrown out by the anti-porn lobby are the following:

ROD
Vol. 3/0
BIG Butt
FOR
THE ORIGINAL! DON'T BE FOOLED BY CHEAP IMITATIONS!
GIRLS
Vol. 3/0
DEEP THROAT IN THE
RODO
Sex Directory
DIRECT CONTACTS WITH FABULOUS FEMALES WITHIN THESE PAGES!
THE FIRST COLOUR CONTACT MAGAZINE IN GREAT BRITAIN!
SEX BUST
Roma
Tammy
DO TO BA
FICTION

a). Pornography is unpopular and disliked by the majority of the population. Nobody wants it, and everyone supports curbs on its production and distribution.

b). Pornography is a multi-million dollar industry. Those involved are only in it for the money and, without controls, it will spread its evil influence over the masses.

The question that begs to be asked - and therefore never is asked - is how can something so universally loathed financially out-gross (for example) the American film industry? If nobody wants pornography, then where do the multi-million pound profits come from?

There are three groups involved in the issue of pornography in this country. The first is made up of people unconcerned about porn, that is, they don't have any real interest in it, but see no reason for its suppression. The second group are those who use pornography in all its shapes and sizes and approve of it, nay, enjoy it and don't want to see it driven underground, and the third group are the ardent campaigners, the porn haters. Since they receive plenty of coverage, we'll ignore them. Naturally, there are sides of porn that everyone is concerned about, such as child porn, the use of animals and snuff films, but all of these are far more limited than the media would have us believe - indeed, there is a debate as to whether snuff films exist at all in this country - and all of them are highly illegal, surely it is unfair to lump them in with the legitimate world of pornography? Even the word pornography is an imotive term, meaning many different things to many different people.

> "A percentage of the readers of men's magazines are, in fact, female."

The so called 'Moral Majority' are actually in the minority, but their highly vocal stance has an interesting, if somewhat infuriating, effect. Because, while most people have no objections to porn, they all think that they should have. They see the 'evidence' stating that everybody else is vigorously opposed to the spread of 'this evil' (as any form of sexually explicit material is usually referred to by those who fear it), and don't want to appear to be somehow morally lax. They don't want their neighbours to think that they are deviants.

Take opinion polls as an example. Even if the participants don't need to give their name for the survey, they still won't admit to the researcher that they like porn, because they worry about what he or she will think. So they pretend to disapprove. Perhaps that's why opinion polls show that most members of the public believe that pornography should be outlawed. It's not the truth, but rather it's what people would like others to believe they think. And because of the way in which it works, they myth is self-perpetuating.

So, who actually buys porn? The firmly established public stereotype is that of the lecherous, raincoat-wearing 'dirty old man'. The pervert. The social outcast. Or else they are educationally sub-normal. Thickos. Morons who know no better than to indulge in smutty schoolboy sexism. This image has been carefully created and encouraged by those seeking to make adult entertainment as unacceptable as possible. After all, who would want to be associated with such a loathsome group? But, like much of the anti-porn propaganda spread by its opponents, this image is ridiculous. Take a look at yourself - you're reading a magazine that these people would consider to be obscene. Do you fit into these groups? Probably not. A handful of people might, admittedly - but then the same would be true if we were to survey the readership of Radio Times. The very fact that you are reading this article blows a large hole in their theory; after all, everyone knows that people who buy men's magazines only look at the pictures, right? Why, most of them probably can't even read.

The truth is that the market for sexually based material is as wide and varied as any other. And even within it's own field, the market varies. The people who watch hard-core movies might not be the same people who read soft-core magazines, for instance, though they will come from the same backgrounds. Confusing, isn't it? It can't even be narrowed down to one sex, as much as the feminists and moralists would like it to be. Plenty of women enjoy sexually explicit material. A percentage of the readers of men's magazines are, in fact, female . . . and it's not because they're all lesbians. A lot of women can happily look at erotic photos of naked girls and appreciate the sexuality that is being projected. They can read the fiction and the letters, and become aroused. Many read sex magazines with their husbands or boyfriends to help them get 'in the mood'. Sometimes, they do it to learn something new. Often, they do it simply because they like sex. This is quite normal, but it goes unmentioned by the opponents of porn, because it doesn't fit in with their arguments, which rely heavily on the idea that women don't like pornography.

> "The so-called 'Moral Majority' are actually in the minority."

During the early days of video, before the censors moved in, it was possible to buy hard-core films from a number of sources. You could also rent softened versions of films like *Baby Face* or *Pretty Peaches* that retained plenty of strong sex. The market for these films, surveys established, was mainly made up of couples, with the woman often selecting the film. In 1985, the Video Recordings Act demanded that every video released had the approval of the British Board of Film Classification (formerly the British Board of Film Censors - a far more accurate name). The type of softened XXX films that had been previously available suddenly found themselves banished to the darker recesses of the sex shops, branded with the commercial kiss of death rating :R18. To gain that all important 18 certificate, video companies were forced to make severe cuts to their movies, which is why all the 'sex' films on the shelf now are either 70's European comedies, or US former hard-core with a running time of about 30 minutes. Either way, the nudity is exclusively female. There is, after all, nothing to interest women in these films anymore. In the rest of the world, there's still a large female market for erotic video - so much so, in fact, that companies like Candida Royalle's Femme Distribution are successfully producing films designed specifically to appeal to women, rather than just to men. Although as we all know, the law prohibits the showing of erect penises in films or books in this country.

The negative public image given to pornography, and the inevitable reluctance of its consumers to be identified as such, has also opened the doors to assorted rip-off merchants. Hard-core sex products might be